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its technical detail—nothing is withheld; for this, you see, including the physician's reasons for concluding that the young woman "had lived," are all a part of the general mess of life, as we know it, and as we make it.

In criticizing this extraordinary product of imaginative thought, the reviewer feels that it is best not to involve himself in obscure questions regarding the nature of poetry or in possible sophistries about the value of boldness, originality, or fearless self-expression in literature. Nor does he wish to make any unjustifiable assumptions about the author's purpose in writing.

The fact remains that this extraordinarily long, extremely pedestrian, excessively realistic poem, does seem to be trying, and insistently trying, to say something. Some investigation of the general considerations that prompted its writing (if not of its exact purpose or message) must therefore be the first—as it will be, in the case of the present reviewer, the last—task of the critic.

After reading the whole thing conscientiously through, and after temporarily and provisionally surrendering oneself to the author's point of view, whatever it may be, one leans to the judgment that this is a work written by one of William James's "tough-minded" people for the benefit of the "tender-minded," falsely conceived as unimaginative or cowardly in their unwillingness to face the facts of life. The fallacy—"Whoever does not think and write as I do is afraid of the truth"—is of course implicit in the work of many realists of a certain type. It maybe, that they do not actually entertain this view; but if not, it is a little difficult to understand their insistence upon facts of a certain kind. They seem to be endeavoring to wake up a certain portion of the public from a supposed moral and mental sloth. Such, as nearly as one can guess, is the motive of Mr. Masters: that there is another and artistic motive does not clearly appear.

Let it be said, then, that if there be any one who does not clearly realize that life is infinitely complex, that it is in the last analysis practically impossible to assign responsibility for evil, that much good may be where convention sees only evil, that there are daily tragedies where custom recognizes only sordid immorality—if there be any one who is not convinced of these things already or cannot learn them from his own observations and the daily papers, he may derive great benefit from reading Mr. Masters' book. But those to whom these things are commonplaces will perhaps not care to wade through the poem; for they will find in it little philosophy, little impulse or exaltation, little of anything that they cannot think or imagine for themselves, or read in the proper sources of information; but rather such surprising things as the details of a post-mortem, seldom given to the public.

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S. By John Theodore Tussaud. New York: George H. Doran Company.

There are few more fascinating footnotes to history than those which are supplied in this volume.

Wax models are doubtless inferior as art to marble statues or oil paintings. The sculptor or the painter, while sacrificing certain means of realism, gives us something answerable to the character or soul of the person represented, and thus in a way he is more realistic, he comes closer to the life of his subject as the latter was known to or conceived by his contemporaries than can the modeller in wax. But if any one doubts that the wax model can come closer to reality in another way, that it can make a different and no less valuable comment, that it can bring home to one the truth of history and make a time one hundred years past seem as yesterday, he has only to turn through the illustrations in Mr. Tussaud's volume.

Madame Tussaud, the originator of the famous exhibition, lived in Paris, with her uncle, Curtius, a modeller in wax, during the days of the Terror. She was on terms of acquaintance with Marat and Robespierre. The Terrorists required her to make models of the heads of those who were guillotined and of Marat immediately after his assassination. These models are still preserved and are on exhibition in London. One does not envy the person who feels only horror and no pathos upon looking upon the modeled head of Marie Antoinette, or who is not provoked to wonder by the dead features of Carrier or Robespierre. A portrait generally expresses a view (that is, an opinion) more or less subtle and comprehensive. A photograph is sometimes deceptive in its flatness, and tricky in its light and shade. The wax model, despite its ghastliness, is in some ways utterly convincing; it adds an invaluable element of commonplaceness to one's notion of a person; it brings one into the same room with the subject, makes one realize that he actually *was*. To look at the bust of Voltaire modeled by Curtius is to get a familiar view that curiously alters one's whole attitude toward the man; that warns one effectually, for example, against thinking about him as if he were merely a literary personality.

The reproductions of these Revolutionary relics alone make the book worth owning, but there is much else. The exhibition has preserved, among other things, many curiosities of human nature, and there is a whole tragi-comedy in the aspect of the Tichborne Claimant.

The text is a faithful record of a remarkable enterprise, and it is full of anecdotes both amusing and remarkable. Mr. Tussaud has appreciated the value of his materials both from the historic point of view and from the viewpoint of human interest. His narrative, like his wax figures, simply presents facts of undeniable interest. But it is the pictures that make the book unique, for they give one a sort of knowledge that, without them, or their originals, would be unobtainable. Curiously enough, one cannot help wondering whether the photographs of the models are not more effective than the models themselves.